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TALES OF THE UNUSUAL

STORY/ART BY SUNGDAE OH

MY WIFE'S MEMORIES
EPISODE FIVE



MY DAUGHTER VISITED ME AT HOME
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A WHILE.





I'M NOT DOING
TOO BAD FOR A
WIDOWER.



IT'S ALL THANKS TO
YOUR MOM.

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN..?

AH...
I MEAN...

I'VE JUST BEEN DOING
EVERYTHING THE
SAME WAY YOUR
MOM DID.

I HOPE I'LL BE ABLE TO TELL YOU AND
YOUR BROTHER ABOUT THIS SOMEDAY.





THE THINGS WE SAID,
OUR LIFE TOGETHER.

SHE PROBABLY COULDN'T
REMEMBER, RIGHT...?



DON'T WORRY,
I'M CERTAIN

SHE REMEMBERED
EVERYTHING JUST FINE.





I HOPE MOM DIDN'T
REMEMBER ME.

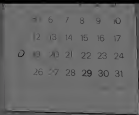
THAT'S WHEN I FINALLY FOUND OUT.



MY DAUGHTER'S GUILT WASN'T
JUST BECAUSE OF LEAVING HER
MOTHER ALONE AT HOME,

BUT I COULDN'T BLAME HER FOR
ANYTHING,

BECAUSE I KNEW THAT
THIS TRAGEDY WASN'T ANYONE'S
FAULT...



TIME JUST KEPT ON GOING.



TONIGHT IS THE LAST NIGHT
I SPENT WITH MY WIFE.



I HAD NO IDEA THAT 3 YEARS..



WAS SUCH A SHORT TIME TO BRACE
YOURSELF FOR THE INEVITABLE..

BUT FINALLY

THAT DAY CAME,



AFTER WANDERING AROUND THE LIVING ROOM
RESTLESSLY FOR HOURS..



THAT ROOM THAT I ALWAYS GO IN AND OUT OF,



A ROOM WITH NO ONE IN IT, AND WHERE NOTHING
WOULD HAPPEN..





I JUST COULDN'T BRING
MYSELF TO OPEN THE DOOR..





ARE THOSE...
THAT YOUNG
MAN'S CLOTHES..?



CAN I.

CAN I HELP
YOU..?

FORGET IT.



IT'S NOT LIKE YOU COULD
DO IT ANYWAY...

IT'S HARD ON ME,
YOU KNOW.
ALWAYS HAVING TO
CLEAN UP AFTER YOU.



IF YOU WANNA
HELP ME...

JUST STAY STILL AND
DON'T DO ANYTHING...!







YEAH.
I'M JUST IRONING
MY BROTHER'S SHIRT.

SINCE HE'S GOT AN
INTERVIEW TOMORROW.

.....

CAN'T YOU TELL ME
ON THE PHONE?
MY BROTHER'S
NOT AT HOME AND
I CAN'T LEAVE..

...THEN CAN
WE MEET OUTSIDE
THE HOUSE
IN A FEW MINUTES?

.....









HONEY...

WHERE ARE YOU
GOING..?



FOUND IT...







THAT HAND MOVEMENT...



SHE MUST BE IRONING..



IT LOOKS..
GREAT..







NO..!

To be continued..